

Woman Magazine

To-morrow on this Page
a new Bret Harte story, "The
Secret of Sobriente's Well,"
will begin.

By BRET HARTE.

WHEN THE WATERS WERE UP AT JULES.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT.
Miles Hemmingway, of San Francisco, a young man, formerly of Boston, who was secretary of a Western mining company, had been sent to report on a placer mining property at Jules, a tiny settlement in the California interior. Arriving, he found the annual flood filling the flats and the settlement temporarily installed on a small piece of higher ground. They were waiting for the fall of the waters to begin mining. He was given quarters in the cabin of a woman, and had just removed the stains of his journey when he saw the woman running toward the cabin, a smile on her face. She told him her name was Jules. The cabin in which they are away is by the flood.

THIRD INSTALLMENT.
"BUT the others, where are they?" he said indignantly. "Do you call that a laughing matter?" She stopped at the sound of his voice as at a blow. Her face hardened into immobility, yet when she replied it was with the deliberate indifference of her father.

"The women are up on the hills by this time. The boys have been drowned out many times before this and got clear off, on sluice-boxes and timber, without squaring! Tom Flynn went down ten miles to Sawyer's once on two barrels, and I never heard that he was crying when he picked him up."

A flush came to Hemmingway's cheek, but with a gleam of intelligence. Of course the foundation was known to them first, and there was the wreckage to support them! They had clearly saved themselves. If they had abandoned the cabin it was because they knew its security—perhaps had even seen it safely adrift.

"Has this ever happened to the cabin before?" he asked, as he thought of its peculiar base.

"No."

He looked at the water again. There was a decided current. The overflow was evidently no part of the original inundation. He put his hand in the water. It was icy cold. Yes! He understood it now. It was the sudden melting of snow in the Sierras which had brought this volume down the canyon. But was there more still to come?

"Have you anything like a long pole or stick in the cabin?"

"No," said the girl, opening her big eyes and shaking her head with a simulation of despair, which was, however, flatly contradicted by her laughing mouth.

A MODERN MAGDALEN.

By AMELIA BINGHAM.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Katinka Jenkins, a poor Brooklyn girl, to provide delicacies for the life of her sister, had been with Lindy, a rich and handsome woman, on the stage as "the Madcap." The sister recovers and falls in love with John Strong, a reformer, who visits her in her private life. Katinka is about to reveal to him her relationship to Olivia, when the hand of her former lover, Eric, restrains her.

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CHAPTER VIII.
An Old Love.

THE restraining hand laid on Katinka's arm as she was on the point of revealing to Strong her relationship to Olivia was Eric Hargreaves's.

He had learned from Mrs. Jenkins that Strong was coming to see "the Madcap," and remembering what Katinka had told him of her present life, jumped at the conclusion that she and "the Madcap" were one. Accordingly he had followed to prevent if possible some such scene as was now impending, and had arrived barely in time.

"You can't do it, dear," he said, gently but with a firmness that commanded obedience.

"The avowal that was to wreck Strong's marital plans did on her lips."

"No," she commanded the little reformer.

He went in silence, followed to the elevator by the whole geyser, laughing troop of guests. Fischer went last, carrying a siphon for a parting salute.

Eric and Katinka were left alone.

"I'm going now," said Eric, turning away. "It will only be to come back. I shall never leave you again, whatever happens. Nothing can shake that decision. Many waters cannot quench love. I shall follow you always. I shall always be near you till you come to me. I will save me!" she echoed, wonderingly. "From what?"

"From yourself, Katinka. I know you far better than you know yourself. I know how true and noble your real nature is. I know how you must abhor this life you lead. It is killing you."

"So much the better," she answered, with a hard laugh. "Then, more earnestly, go. Eric, you mustn't stay here. You don't know what you make me suffer."

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"Nor any cord nor twine?" he continued. She handed him a ball of coarse twine. "May I take a couple of these hooks?" he asked, pointing to some rough iron hooks in the rafters, from which lichen and fungus had been hanging.

She nodded. He dislodged the hooks, greased them with the bacon rind and affixed them to the twine. "Fishin'!" she said, demurely.

"Exactly," he replied, gravely. He threw the line in the water. It slackened at about six feet, straightened and became taut at an angle, and then dragged. After one or two sharp jerks he pulled it up. A few leaves and grasses were caught in the hooks. He examined them attentively.

"We're not in the creek," he said, "nor in the old overflow. There's no mud nor gravel on the hooks, and these grasses don't grow near water."

"No, that's mighty cute of you," she said, admiringly, as she knelt, head bowed, on the platform. "Let's see what you've caught. Look, yet!" she added, suddenly lifting a limp snake. "That's old man, and that ain't a scrap of it grows nearer than Springer's Rise—four miles from home."

"Are you sure?" he asked, quickly. "Sure as pop! I used to go huntin' it for smeltage."

"For what?" he asked, with a bewildered smile. "For this!" she thrust the leaves to his nose and then to her own pink nostrils. "For—for!" she hesitated, and then with a mischievous simulation of coyness, added—"for the perfume."

He looked at her admiringly. For all her five feet 10 inches what a mere child she was after all! What a cool head she had! There was neither a trace of hysteria nor of hysterical behavior. How charming and graceful she looked, kneeling there beside him.

"Tell me," she said, suddenly, in a gentler voice, "what were you laughing at just now?"

Her brown eyes wavered for a moment and then brimmed with merriment. She threw herself sideways in a laughing posture, supporting herself on one arm, while with the other hand she slowly drew out her apron string as she said in a demure voice:

"Well, I reckoned it was just too killin' to think of you, who didn't want to talk to me, and would have given your hip pile to have skipped out of this—jest stuck here alongside of me, whether you would or no—for I don't know how long."

"But that was just right," he said, in a tone of rivalry. "I was tired, and you said so yourself, you know. What shall I tell you?"

"Anything," said the girl with a laugh. "What I am thinking of," he said, with frankly admiring eyes.

"Everything," he said, boldly. "Yes, everything," she stopped, and leaning forward, suddenly caught the brim of his soft hat, and drawing it down smartly over his audacious eyes, said: "Everything but that!"

It was with some difficulty and some greater embarrassment that he succeeded in getting his eyes free again.

When he did so she had risen and entered the cabin. Disconcerted as he was, he was relieved to see her expression of amusement was unchanged. Was her act a piece of rustic coquetry, or had she resented his advances? Nor did her next words settle the question.

"What you're doing here?" she asked at last, a strange look creeping into her eyes. "I thought you were cured of your folly of loving me."

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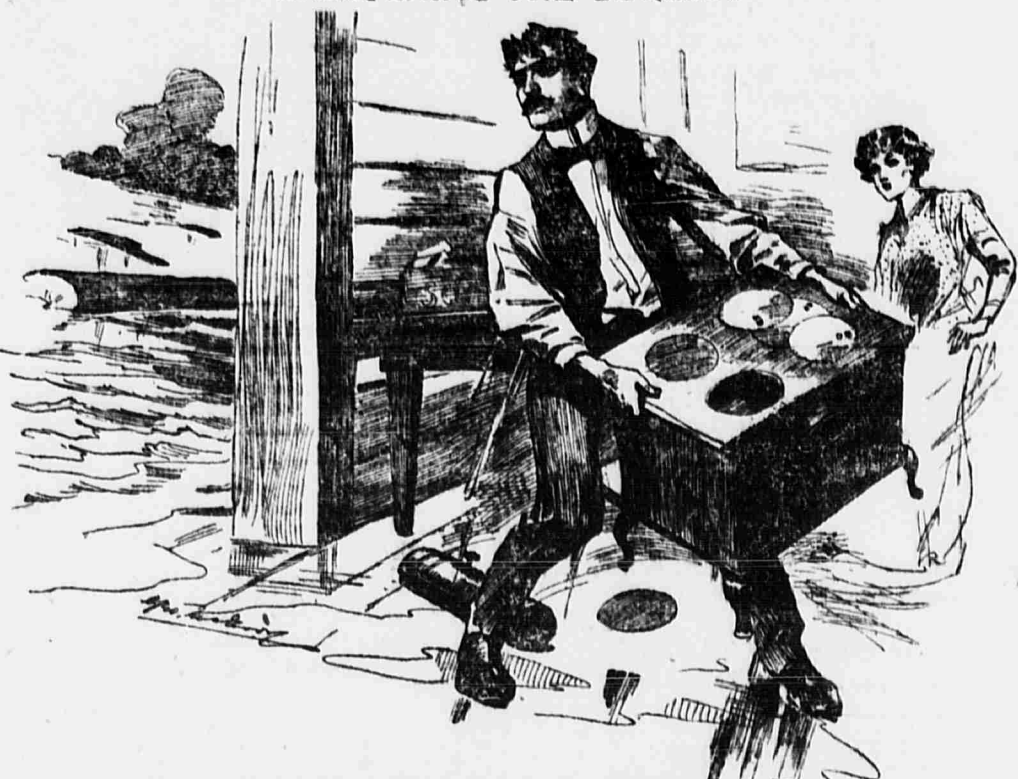
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LIGHTENING THE BURDEN.



HE RAN TO THE STILL WARM STOVE AND THREW IT OVERBOARD.

"Ye kin do your nice talk and phillanderin' after we've settled what we are, what we're goin', and what's goin' to happen. Jest now it pears to me that ez these yer looks are the only thing betwixt us and 'kingdom come,' ye'd better be hustlin' round with a few spikes, to clinch 'em to the floor."

She handed him a hammer and a few spikes. He obediently set to work, with little confidence, however, in the security of the fastenings. There was neither rope nor chain for lashing the logs together; a strong-

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